

going to do, torture them even more by smoking when it's obvious they can't? Well, they're murderers and civil miscreants after all. I hit the accelerator hard and feel my unseen captors gaining on me.

— Peter Morris

Lansdale PA

CHILDISH

— to Martin

A stoop-shouldered English professor once forced a senior out of registration and made him go back about three hours in the process because his trial study schedule was not "neat." It was barely legible, but such schedules are for the student only, and the student seethed. A year later the new graduate student was whistling his way to class when in a crowded hallway the professor came out of his office, remembered something and set his leather briefcase with brass initials on it by the open door to his office, then a pretty sophomore girl in a red dress followed him in and shut the door. The usually timid new grad student picked the case up confidently, realizing with every step that he was risking a life sentence in a gas station or selling encyclopedias and hurried out the front entrance, then delicately balanced the case on the narrow concrete rail by the steps. Now, thirty years later, almost at retirement age, he is still pleased and unrepentant.

GOOD DAYS

Today we have lived in the same house for twenty years. Married for thirty-two years. Our sons are twenty-eight, twenty-five and twenty-three. They are kind, confident and analytical. Two of them will be doctors soon. The youngest is studying for the LSAT. Tomorrow I intend to buy two or three sets or packages, or however they come now, of toy soldiers, the best I can find, and a b-b gun. I will place the soldiers under the big tree in the back yard, some on the bricks, some partially hidden in the grass, and shoot at them from the garage until I knock them all down.

— Cleatus Rattan

Cisco TX